

Animals

OUR DUMB

FEBRUARY

1956

"M... ICE CREAM"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

Photo by Gordon M. Converse





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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year — \$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

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Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

VOLUME 89 — No. 2

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868-1909

Animals

FEBRUARY, 1956

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910-1942

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS
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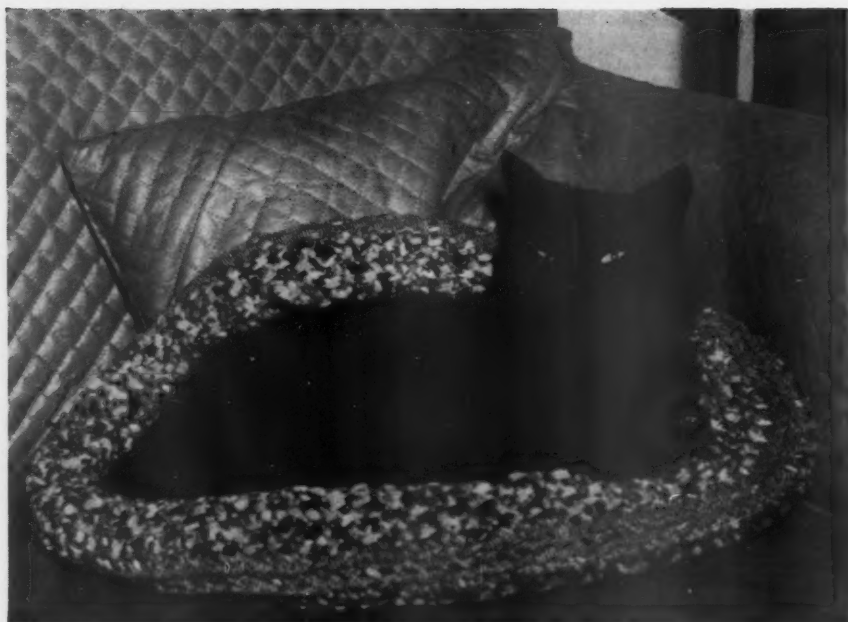
The Annual Slaughter

YEAR by year, after protecting them for eleven months, we turn several thousand hunters, men and boys, into the woods to maim and kill the beautiful deer that have made this State their home. No doubt deer do damage to young fruit trees and gardens. But this damage is greatly exaggerated, especially by many farmers who want reimbursement, and by those who want an excuse to shoot them.

To die a sudden and painless death from a bullet is one thing; to be pursued and shot at, often by boys who hardly know how to handle a gun; to be maimed and wounded and to drag out hours and days and maybe weeks of suffering before death comes, is quite another.

Of course, there will doubtless be deer hunting in Massachusetts as long as there is a deer to be shot. We know of no way to stop it while farmers claim they suffer from depredations. But we do feel sick when we see dead fawns draped over automobile fenders and we do wonder about the inferno created in our woods annually when a small army of gunners are turned loose—an army that unfortunately number many who are not worthy to be thought of as sportsmen.

E. H. H.



"Cat Cozy" for Comfort

By Helen Buckley

OGDEN NASH, the famous humorist, once said that the trouble with kittens is that they become cats. Now, we let tabby sleep anywhere she can find a soft place to curl up—in the best upholstered chair, on the sofa, or we throw down an old rug or a worn-out sweater on which she can sleep.

However, we make a dog house for our pet dog. We build bird houses in which the birds can make nests and find refuge. We have a stall for our pet horse. Why don't we do the same for our cat—make something so that the solitary animal will have a safe place on which to take an undisturbed nap? Cats are independent animals and lonely by nature, wandering around looking for a quiet place to spend hours sleeping peacefully.

So cats, as well as their owners, may be happy, Mrs. Eleanor Ramsey, who runs a gift shop at "Journey's End," Riverton, Connecticut, does just that. She makes a Cat Cozy, a clever invention to make kittens and cats, whatever their ages, purr with contentment. This Cat Cozy is a crocheted soft, round, basket-like cushion which can be placed in any chair for your

pet. It is like a nest, a chair mat with a high rim around it.

The first model was produced quite by accident. Mrs. Ramsay was making a crocheted chair seat one day and talking to a friend at the same time. Carried away by their conversation, she went on crocheting until the chair seat was no longer flat, but turned up like a dish. She laid it down, thinking to remodel it later. This she never did, for one of her kittens crawled into it for a nap. Since that day, Mrs. Ramsay has been making cats all over the United States happier and more comfortable. Since June, 1954, cats in 29 states and in Paris, France, have started enjoying these Cat Cozys.

Tabby can jump into it and settle down for a nap, safe in the thought that no human can sit in it to disturb her. It gives her a sense of security. Mother also finds it an answer to her troubles of having to clean hairs off the sofa, the chairs and rugs.

Mrs. Ramsay has several pet cats of her own and scattered around her gift shop are several Cozys so her own cats have no trouble finding a place to have a snug, quiet, and comfortable snooze.

Dog Named Schatzie

By Helen D. Krott

THIS is a true story about a dog named Schatzie. Schatzie came to the United States with an American army officer who lives in Philadelphia.

The officer lived on a street with "row" houses. Next door lived a sweet, dark-haired, little girl, seven years old. Schatzie fell in love with her right away. Although he could not understand English, this little girl could and would make him understand her.

Summer came and everyone prepared to go away to the shore and Schatzie's master had been ordered to go south for army duty. So Schatzie was taken to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station and placed in a baggage car all alone. Naturally, he didn't like that very well and when the train reached Washington and the door of his car was opened, Schatzie jumped out.

Frightened and forlorn, not understanding his plight, he stood there a moment, looked around and then started to run, looking and looking for some familiar sight or smell. Eventually he found his way out of Washington despite noise, the traffic and confusion and wound up miraculously on the road leading to Philadelphia. Three days later, after crossing innumerable bridges, dodging thousands of cars, he arrived at his old home.

At midnight, he scratched on the screen door of the home of the little girl next door. "Schatzie," she cried. She jumped out of her bed, ran down stairs and opened the door and there stood Schatzie, tired, hungry and very, very thirsty. "Mother," she cried again, "here is Schatzie."

The very next day was the time set for going to the shore and as Schatzie could certainly not be left to fend for himself, he was taken along. And when they returned after two weeks, Schatzie was beginning to understand English. He will stay with the little girl until his master returns. In the meantime, Schatzie doesn't seem to care. I see him now and then eating ice cream with his new mistress at the drug store—that little German dog who did not like riding in a big dark baggage car to Washington.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

CATS are seldom credited with the intelligence and feeling attributed to dogs. In refutation of this school of thought, we offer you Susie, a striped feline of no particular great beauty or breeding who follows the humble calling of rodent catcher at Germantown Cricket Club in suburban Philadelphia.

Susie was born at the Club in June, 1948. Her mother, who died three weeks after Susie was born, was so fond of the night watchman that she rode on his shoulder as he made his rounds. According to Howard Dahl, the Club's maintenance engineer, the mother is commonly believed to have died of a broken heart after her friend, the watchman retired.

Howard and his assistant, Frank Fitzgerald, taught Susie and her brothers and sisters to drink milk from a saucer and provided the small orphans with as much affection as their busy schedule permitted. But possibly because of her motherless kittenhood, Susie grew up to be a shy, introverted cat. She would visit with Howard and Frank while they ate their lunch, looking for tidbits, and occasionally allowed herself to be stroked. But she never unbent to the extent of climbing on a lap, or letting herself be picked up. Susie was a rugged individualist.

Then, recently, Susie got herself in trouble—real trouble. During the course of her mousing rounds, she somehow (no one has yet figured out how) got herself entombed between the floor and ceiling in the basement of the squash racquets building. Since the squash courts are seldom used in warm weather, Susie's plight went unnoticed for several days. When her plaintive cries were finally heard, the "meows" were growing weaker and weaker.

After calling out reassuring messages to Susie and surveying the situation, Howard and Frank carved a hole in the ceiling adjoining the spot where Susie was stuck. To their dismay, they found a fuse box blocking her exit. They called and coaxed, but Susie either would not, or could not, climb over the box.

Finally, Frank, with some trepidation, reached his hand in to Susie. He anticipated that the frightened cat would scratch him. But not Susie. She knew a friend when she saw one. The first thing that Frank felt was Susie's rough little tongue licking his hand in gratitude.

He then tried to pull her over the fuse box, but she jumped away and became further entangled in the dozens of wires that led from the box. So, Frank dug in deeper, got his hand behind her and kept pushing until she at last squeezed out.

Frank's boss, Howard, in recounting the incident later, said, "I held my breath. Those wires have been in there since 1904. The insulation gets a little unreliable after fifty-one years. I expected Frank to be electrocuted any minute."

And did Susie do the natural thing and flee from the scene of her imprisonment? Not Susie. The minute she reached the floor she started rubbing herself ecstatically against Frank's legs, purring like a buzzsaw.

Since that time, Frank has had a little difficulty getting his work accomplished. Susie follows him around all day, rubbing herself against his legs and reiterating her gratitude. Nor does Frank's responsibility end with Susie. When she gave birth to five kittens a week later, she led Frank immediately to the litter. Quite obviously she expects him to be godfather to each and every one of her babies.

"Susie" Cat Proves She Is Grateful

by Blanche Day

Since Frank Fitzgerald rescued Susie from entombment, she has been his devoted slave.





Two young turtle doves beat their wings eagerly as they partake of a meal pumped up from the parent's crop.

"Pigeons' Milk"

By John Warham

PEOPLE are often surprised to learn that there really is such a substance as pigeons' milk and the way in which it is made is of special interest to biologists since the food is produced only by doves and pigeons.

Many birds feed their young by regurgitation, pumping up from their crops food which has been partly digested by the gastric juices. When pigeons come into breeding condition, however, the lining of the crop gradually undergoes a change and the surface cells begin to secrete fatty matter. These cells then break away from the sides of the crop and form a whitish creamy pulp which is given to the squabs at meal times and it is this substance which is named pigeons' milk. After one layer of cells has been sloughed off, a new one quickly develops to take its place.

The feeding operation seen at the nest is quite an elaborate performance. On arrival, the parent is greeted by the squabs who crowd forward waving their wings and indicating in no uncertain manner that they are very hungry. The old bird allows them to insert their bills inside its own, one to the left and one to the right and then lowers its head and begins swinging up and down as it pumps the milk from its crop. This to and fro motion continues throughout the meal, the young being fed in tandem and hanging on grimly during the operation.

This method of feeding ensures that the chicks are supplied with a most nutritious and easily assimilated food during their tenderest days. When they get bigger, their diet is changed. The parents' crop cells no longer secrete fat and the squabs' meals consist of grain and seeds regurgitated in the usual way.

Darwin Notwithstanding

By Conrad Payne

Reprinted from the Spectator, Jackson, Mich.

MEN stood in a small group in a corner of the big yard. Their attention was centered on a flock of pigeons pecking at bread crumbs scattered about on the grass by some thoughtful inmate.

They were not merely watching pigeons eat this time. There was a sideline performance that fascinated them far beyond the normal curiosity pigeon watchers display.

The men were seeing a real bird-life drama that openly defied Darwin's plebeian theory of the survival of the fittest. It is not often men are privileged to witness a display of tenderness and devotion in life other than human. When they do, and this applies to men in prison more so than out in the free world, they succumb to the mystery of nature's inner workings.

All eyes were watching two birds on the outer fringe of the flock. One had a broken beak, it was broken off completely. His head seemed bare and undressed without it. Disfigured. He could not bend over and peck at the bread crumbs; he had nothing to peck with. He was helpless. And so he stood to one side silently watching his companions feast.

How he broke his bill is a matter of conjecture. He may have broken it while fighting; by crashing headfirst into a wall; by mistaking a rock or stone for something edible.

It was easy to see that he was a proud old bird. Not long ago he had everything his own way. When he came strutting on the scene all the others got out of his way. He was a champion, a leader and he was proud, arrogant and bold. But not now, not any more. All that was changed. He was pathetically humbled, a cripple now. He no longer strutted about. Instead he was brushed to one side, pushed to the outside of the crowd. Sadness dulled the lustre of eyes that were formerly bold and bright. He was deserted by all except one—his mate. She stood by him.

Tenderly, with an affection no human could surpass, she picked up a crumb of bread in her bill. Gently she waddled over to her mate, clucked an indistinguishable command to him and carefully slipped the bread crumb into his disfigured mouth. He gulped and swallowed it, tried valiantly to reply, but no sound came from his mutilated mouth.

But there was love and affection in his eyes. He followed her about the edges of the flock. Time after time she fed him. She gave more food to him than she ate. She was completely unselfish, always looking after him before she thought of herself.

So completely engrossed in the drama that unfolded before them were the men, that they almost missed the evening chow lines. "But it would have been worth it!" one of the onlookers said.

Another remarked: "I've watched those two birds for nearly thirty days and that female continually takes care of the bird with the broken beak, and feeds him—some people could sure learn a thing or two from those birds!"

OUR sole reason for keeping Shorty, the thirteenth member of Sheila's latest litter of pups, was because of Mr. Blue's strong attachment for the youngster. From the beginning, Shorty was his father's pride and joy, and no doggy sacrifice was too great if it meant comfort and repletion for the pup. Mr. Blue went hungry so that Shorty might gorge; he slept on the hard boards, giving the youngster his bed, and never was there a young one more thoroughly scrubbed than Mr. Blue's thirteenth son.

As for Shorty, the moment he learned to eat from a bowl, he became completely oblivious to everything and everybody except his doting parent. Mr. Blue was his "all in all", his comforter, his playfellow. For his mother, he had no time at all. As for us, we could have walked out of his life and never have been missed.

But pups, like all young things, have a habit of growing up and at eight weeks, Shorty was beginning to feel the need of something more than his own kind could give. He craved the comfort of a stroking hand, which told he was loved and wanted.

Like his father, Shorty thrived on attention. A tussle with one of us, was enough to send him into a tailspin of pure joy, and as this phase of his character developed, we rewarded his devotion with pets and kind words.

About this time, we noticed a marked change in Mr. Blue's attitude toward the pup. He didn't step back when Shorty barged in, all teeth and tongue, to gulp his father's dinner. He refused the use of his paws for a teething ring and at night, he scooped his bed into a lumpy bundle so there was room for only one.

Can it be, I wondered, that Mr. Blue is growing crotchety, showing his age? After all, he is pushing ten.

I watched for other signs of senility and to my anxious eyes, he seemed to have developed many symptoms which pointed to advancing age. He had little appetite, seemed extremely listless. More than this, he appeared hard of hearing. Often I had to call four or five times before he indicated awareness of being paged.

"I think Mr. Blue's going deaf," I told Jack worriedly one day. "And the way he mopes around . . ."

"Why don't you have Doctor Dean have a look at him?" he asked. "If there's something wrong, now's the time to catch it."

I stood by while the veterinarian made his examination. "Couple of teeth missing," he said, "rest seem in good shape. Eyes—nothing wrong here. Ears—clean as a whistle." He asked what I was feeding and said he could find no fault with Mr. Blue's diet.

For the next twenty minutes he poked and prodded. "I can't find a thing wrong with him," he finally said, "except he's a trifle overweight. Skip his breakfast for a couple of days. If he doesn't perk up, bring him back."

Deprived of his eggs and milk, Mr. Blue lost weight, but if it were possible, he was more moody, more withdrawn than ever. He consistently ignored Pumpkin, the cat, and turned a blank look on Charlie, the duck. With the air of a martyr, he submitted to my petting, getting the idea across with averted looks, that he preferred to be let alone.

A Jealous "Mr. Blue"

by Ina Louez Morris



Shorty was his father's pride and joy.

So, Mr. Blue went back to the hospital and remained there for observation. The doctor's report was the same, "Heart, lungs, kidneys, digestion, excellent. Fee: \$25.00."

"Know what I think?" Uncle Oliver said during a discussion of Mr. Blue's ills. "I think he's suffering from 'Shortyitis'. He's just 'pure-de-o-jealous' of that pup."

"But he loves Shorty," I pointed out. "At least, he did . . ."

"That's right, he did. But Shorty's getting a lot of attention these days and Mr. Blue feels he's been replaced by the younger dog. You want Mr. Blue to snap out of it, you get rid of Shorty."

Uncle Oliver has owned dogs most of his eighty years, so he usually knows whereof he speaks. Immediately after lunch, I called little Pete Avila and told him he could have Shorty if he still wanted him.

Sitting in the driveway, Mr. Blue watched Peter lead his new pup away with a hawser that would have secured a battleship. When the boy and dog were out of sight, Mr. Blue stood up, shook himself vigorously, then raced to the house as though he'd been gone a long, long time. I opened the door and he was all over me, licking my hands, rolling his eyes, wagging his tail.

"All right," I said, hugging him, "Calm down, you're top man around here again. So how about a snack?"

With a "woof" and a slide, he was across the kitchen, drooling at the wall can opener.



A family group where mutual love is apparent.

ONE of the principal reasons why homeless and starving animals are numbered in the millions is because a lot of people shop for a pet on impulse, instead of information. A lot more do not have the kind of consciences that count abandoning an animal as cruel. Before getting a pet for yourself or anybody else find out what you are letting yourself in for.

A pet is not an animated toy for children to toss around. A pet cannot be well nourished on cold table scraps and icy milk poured from a refrigerator bottle. A pet cannot "catch" his own living, and even if he could, what he catches would not make him a suitable diet. A pet cannot "find" his own shelter when he is put out doors to spend the long, bitter night. He may survive all these conditions, plus kicks and blows, but if he does, he will not be a pet. He will be merely an animal trying to survive and hating even those who would help him.

First of all, ask yourself if you are willing to sign a lifetime contract with a pet.

Do you promise to love, honor and keep until death do you part? If your intentions are not honorable, better skip the whole business. There is more to keeping an animal, than feeding and housing it. If you lock up your house and go off on a month's vacation without either taking your pet or boarding it out, you deserve to be locked up yourself.

Then, there's the matter of training. Dog or cat, they all have to be housebroken. Stamping, screaming or beating when a "mistake" is made will permanently terrify the animal, but he will still remain in ignorance as to what you expect of him. If you select a dog, get a good book and follow instructions to the letter, not just once, but all the time.

If you get a kitten, keep a deep pan of clean sand or sawdust and patiently show the kitten where to go. Too much work to get sand and keep the pan clean? Don't get a cat, then. As the cat gets older, he will voluntarily prefer to go outdoors, anyway. But a pan should be available, as a convenience and a safeguard if you

Shopping For a Pet?

By Marguerite E. Wright

have to leave him in for the day. He will really prefer using sand to using your bed.

The commercial foods cannot be excelled for producing beautiful, well-nourished pets. However, both dogs and cats must be started on them from the first. We don't always like the things that are good for us, and animals are no exception. It is wise to remember that both dogs and cats are meat eating animals. Some extra meat is advisable, but if you feed your pet a pound of fresh, raw meat, he will take a dim view of his next dish of dog food.

Now, you've decided to keep him always, to feed him well, to train him intelligently. What else is there? Well, doctors tell us that human babies must have love in order to be happy and normal. Animal babies have the same need. If you get a pet simply because you need something to order around, you will miss all the rewards. Your pet will return a small amount of love a thousand fold. Your cat will always be there to welcome you home and sing a gentle song to soothe your weary nerves. Your dog will gladly — and literally — die for you. "Greater love hath no man than this . . ."

Your pet doesn't care about your looks, your possessions or your bank account. He will forgive you everything except cruelty, and all too often he even forgives you that.

Going shopping for a pet today? Good luck, and love go with you.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Sixty-Five Boys and A Dog

By Glenn Kerfoot

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1948, a small, black dog appeared at the entrance to the Annex of State Training Schools for Boys, at New Hampton, N. Y., an experimental unit established the previous year by the State Department of Social Welfare for the treatment of seriously disturbed adolescent delinquents. Characteristic of boys everywhere, regardless of their social status, the boys patted and fed the dog and made her welcome. Encouraged by this friendly atmosphere, the dog showed no inclination to leave and was promptly christened, "Annex Annie."

After eight years, Annie is still the reigning queen of the campus at the Annex. Although she has watched hundreds of boys come and go, Annie is contented with institution life. She has outlasted dozens of staff members. She is equally at home scampering with the boys in the recreation areas, or curled up on a chair in the office of Director John W. Nolan. She has attended staff meetings and psychiatric conferences and is always welcome since she never betrays a confidence.

Annie's antics have become legends at this unique institution. The boys fondly discuss her reputation as a "chow hound". She hovers near the dining hall during meals, assured of her portion of whatever is on the menu. Although some complain of the fare, Annie has grown sleek and fat through the years. She is a weekly visitor to the dormitories on Friday evenings when the boys receive their candy purchases and she is usually on hand when a boy receives a package from



Annie takes time out for a breather on the Annex steps.

home. As a further tribute to Annie's monumental appetite, Senior Social Worker Harry Townsend maintains a supply of dog biscuits for those in-between-meal snacks.

Annie became something of a celebrity recently when a bevy of newsmen visited the school in response to some kind comments on the work of the Annex made by the Governor. Captivated by the animated behavior of this honorary staff member, the reporters inserted a paragraph or two about Annie in their feature articles which appeared in the New York City papers as well as in other newspapers throughout the State. It is reliably reported, however, that all this publicity did not turn Annie's head.

If dogs can experience pride in their relationships with humans, Annie, must, indeed, be proud of her contacts. In addition to the hundreds of friends she has had at school, many a state executive returns to the capitol, at Albany, with fond memories of the friendly little dog.

She has been patted and tousled by eminent psychiatrists, writers, educators, and social workers from all over the world who have visited the school to study its methods in dealing with youths and their problems. Many stars of the entertainment world have cuffed her playfully and Annie has frisked with champions of sports and major league baseball players who have visited the boys.

No evaluation of Annie's role in contributing to the social adjustment of our boys has ever been made, nor is one contemplated, but many boys who have become good citizens in their communities after leaving the school include a greeting for Annie in the letters they write us.

Perhaps it is enough to know that through the centuries, dogs and boys have found solace and inspiration in each other's company. When we see Annie frolicking on the lawn with the boys, or following a group of them across a sun-sprayed ball field on a summer day, something seems to say, "This is as it should be."

Let's take a



Jill is unofficial guardian of the postoffice at Pierrepont Manor, N. Y. While spending much of her time in the rear of the office with the postmaster, Miss Marilyn Page, Jill has always shown a consuming desire to know about everything that is going on out in the lobby. To make this easier, a seven-inch square hole was cut in the partition through which Jill can stick her head and satisfy her curiosity.

Photo by Frederick H. Kimball

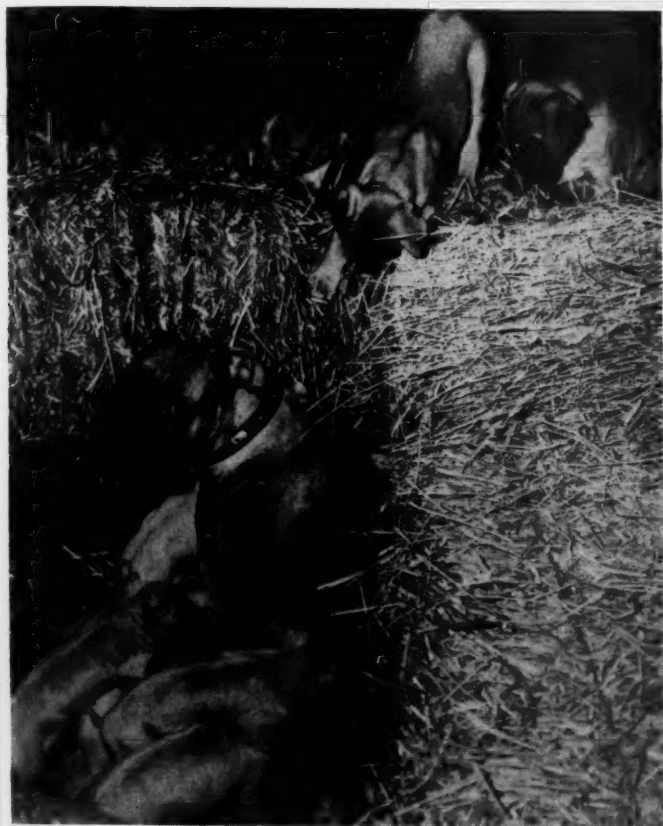
Toronto traffic ground to a halt one day to allow a mother duck and her brood safe passage across Lake Shore Boulevard. Mrs. Duck and her ducklings were stepping it across the thoroughfare after an afternoon at the beach. This stately procession forced traffic to come to an abrupt halt and Mother Duck and her offspring waddled across the highway with utter disdain for the heavy traffic.

Photos by Jack Marshall, Courtesy of Toronto Daily Star



e another trip through Animaland

"I can turn on the tap for myself, thank you!"



When the mother of nine newly born baby pigs died, Judy, a two-year-old boxer, owned by Mr. & Mrs. Dayton Lowe, of Watertown, N. Y., became their foster mother. She not only cares for the nine little pigs but also for her own eight puppies.

Photo by Frederick H. Kimball

Whenever the vacuum starts pulsing, this cat starts purring, according to his owner, Mrs. Bill Bower, of Corpus Christi, Texas. Here he is taking his morning dry-cleaning treatment, an expression of feline contentment upon his handsome countenance.

Photo by Cash Asher



Frivolous Dignity

By Sally Oston

AS a prologue to this series of non-history making anecdotes, I would like to explain Daisy's position in this very social-standing conscious world.

Daisy is a fawn-colored, three-and-a-half year-old boxer. Her importance to me is her role as my guiding light, for she is a very well trained seeing-eye dog.

With the command of "Come," she pokes her sad face into her harness, stands as straight as a regular army sergeant, alert, competent, and, oh, so dignified. One pat on her sleek trim shank, and that little stub of a tail wags hard enough to generate power for a city block of electric lights.

When I first met Daisy, I should have realized that she was an unmitigated scamp. At that time, she had a so-called kennel cough. She would sit in front of me and honk right into my face just to make certain I knew she had such a serious affliction. Of course, it was not at all serious. My wise Daisy was merely insuring an ample amount of sympathy and coddling. But alas, I failed to recognize this forewarning and I have been unable to steel myself against any of her many later escapades.

About two months after Daisy and I returned to Boston, my husband and I bought a small low ranch house. Daisy seemed to take to her new home quite readily, the windows were low so that she could look out and watch the many unapparent, but to her, interesting goings-on.

One cold, snow-bound day, while a dust mop was being shaken out, Daisy took herself out, too. She ran off as fast as a crack of lightning, found a group of dogs and went for a gambol in the snow.

I asked a neighbor for help in finding her, but she was much too fast for us to catch. She raced across the back yard through the snow as if possessed by a demon. It seemed as if she delighted in teasing me by coming close enough to touch, but not to hold.

At one point, she ran by the nice young man who delivered bread in the neighborhood. He tried to grab her, but she darted out of his reach, and for thanks, he fell face first into a snow bank, losing his cap in the process.

At first, I was worried that she might get hurt, but then I started to laugh, for we were certainly a ridiculous picture, my neighbor with boots, no coat, her hair in pins; I with no coat and no idea where to run, or what to do next.

Finally, the prodigal appeared at the door, holding one paw out. She had scratched it somehow, and had come home for sympathy and attention.

All is well that ends well and, if nothing else, it created some excitement on the usually subdued and quiet Pope Hill Road. Furthermore, it established Daisy's reputation as an angel with a bit of the devil in her eyes.

Editor's note: See our March issue for further adventures of Daisy.

Bread on the Water

*Im so very glad I stopped,
Glad hesitating feet,
Didn't turn me from the path of
That pup upon the street.*

*He was hungry and so dirty
And he looked so lonely too;
He needed love so very much,
What else was I to do?*

*I took him home and fed him,
Bathed him from head to feet;
Today you'd never know he was
That dog upon the street.*

*Times have changed for me now,
My son has gone to sea
And now it is that foundling pup
Who tries to comfort me.*

Remarks by Springer

By Elizabeth Folwell

Springer lived a few houses down the street. He was young, and thought it was very nice to pick up my morning paper on the lawn and carry it off to parts unknown. His big feet also were most unwelcome in my flower beds. So, I discouraged his friendship by shouts and throwing sticks toward him. He, of course, had nothing to fear, but it all dampened his enthusiasm. He made one last try at reconciliation by picking up one of the sticks I threw and dropping it at the foot of the chestnut tree, looking for approval. This seemed a safe distance. I greeted this coldly and said, "Go on home!" He hunted another stick and dropped this, too, at the foot of the tree, looking at me expectantly.

It was very hard, not to laugh.

He soon learned to avoid my garden almost entirely. When he absent-mindedly did wander in and saw me watching with threatening scowl, he would lower his head sadly and trot off, muttering to himself, "She doesn't like me."

The months have passed and the *status quo* remains an armed truce—all the arms and aggressive threats on my side. But an evening came when we signed a peace treaty. It was dark, and I was on my way to the corner mail box, past Springer's house. On guard on his front porch, he roared down the steps and across the lawn, protecting life and property, not recognizing figures in the dimness. I stopped as he halted up against me, and I said, "You tryin' to scare me? I'm not afraid of you."

"Oh, it's you!" and he almost wriggled himself in two. He jumped up and put his front paws at about my waistline, which was quite convenient to hold his head between my hands and rub his ears.

"Shall we go mail a letter?" I said, and off we went. On the way back, we passed his house again—and he remembered. It was toward my house we were moving. He held back. His tail dropped, his long silky ears stopped flapping. He looked at me sadly and said, "Well, so long. It's nice to have seen you. Come again some time."

Our Ugly Friend, the Toad

By Ruby Zagoren



Fowler's toad.

THE poets revile him—they call him the ugliest of creatures. A common superstition says that he causes warts; another states that should he be crushed under a cow's heel, that cow will give unclean milk.

All that is pure nonsense. The toad has proved time and time again to be one of man's good friends. The toad feeds upon insects with reputations for annoying and destroying man's comfort and his garden. The toad eats mosquitos, cut worms, weevils and beetles. He also feeds upon the notorious larvae of the gypsy moth.

In some parts of the world, the toad has indeed proved his worth many times over. In Puerto Rico, those who raise sugar beets know the value of this animal. They call upon the South American Giant Toad to rid them of white grubs that can be so destructive. Later, this same giant toad was called on to help sugar beet growers in the continental United States.

The French, too, respect the toad. French children, upon seeing the toad, will say, "Good morning, Monsieur Toad, I hope you will have a pleasant day." If there is no toad in the garden, the French

gardener will purchase one. Before he starts to hoe, he checks to see where the toad is and conscientiously avoids disturbing his ugly friend.

Toads, are clumsy, it must be admitted, in comparison to their relative, the frog. And lifted, they do give off a liquid which is their only defense mechanism. This liquid does not cause warts, however—that has been scientifically proved. The oldest toad on record lived to be a ripe thirty-six years of age. He sheds his skin several times during his lifetime and instead of leaving the shed skin about, he eats it.

In Central Europe lives the Midwife Toad. He gained this name because the male helps the female hatch the eggs. He



Female giant toad.

hides under a stone while the hatching takes place. And, in Dutch Guiana, there is the Surinam Toad with unusual hatching habits. As the female lays an egg, the male places the egg on her back and there the young toad hatches and passes the tadpole stage. Later, he hops off and is on his own.

Toads sing during the breeding season, and their shrill voices can be heard in the countryside.

While many superstitions have sprung up about this ugly little creature, some of the beliefs enhanced the toad's place in the scheme of things. Some of the Indians of the Orinoco believe the toad was god or lord of the waters, and for that reason protected it. Toads among primitive peoples are frequently con-

sidered custodians of the rain. In some parts of the world, when rain is desired, women will catch a toad and place it, alive of course, on a leaf. The women then carry the toad out into the open and say, "Lady toad must have her bath; oh, rain-god, give a little water for her at least."

Despite all its ugliness, the toad has won famous friends. Martin Luther, whose name needs no explanation, once said, "Experience has proved the toad to be endowed with valuable qualities." And later scientific observation has agreed with Martin Luther.

The idea that handling toads causes warts is still quite common, but wholly untrue. The only precaution necessary when handling toads is to be sure that the secretion from their skin glands does not get into one's eyes or mouth. This may cause infection and serious difficulty, but it will not produce warts.

There are about two thousand species of tailless amphibians, but we call them all by the two common names of "frog" and "toad." The toad, strictly speaking, lives on land during the entire summer months while the frog inhabits both land and water.



Common toad.

Fawn Defense Renewed

By **Lester A. Giles, Jr., Director, Wild-Life Conservation**

AT the request of our Society, Representative William D. Morton, Jr. has once again introduced a bill into the current session of the Legislature which, if passed, should do away with the killing of fawns during the hunting season.

The events which led to this action were closely followed by a great many humane-thinking people in the State. The sight of fawns draped over the fenders of cars returning from the woods is repulsive not only to adults but to many children who have actually been observed to cry over such senseless spectacles.

We talked with a great many people about this problem, both those who believe in hunting and those who do not. As should have been expected, practically every person we talked with agreed that the killing of fawns was a very unsportsmanlike proposition. We talked with hunters who said they would be ashamed to come out of the woods with a fawn as their "prize". We talked with an organized sportsmen's club at one of their meetings, and the sentiment was the same.

We feel that the ethical and moral effect that fawn killing has upon those who engage in it and upon those who happen to see the aftermath of it, are both degrading and demoralizing. It is for this reason that our Society felt moved to sponsor such legislation. This bill should it become law, should aid in the efforts of organized sportsmen, of the Department of Fisheries and Game and even of the branches of law enforcement, to overcome the evident lack of ethics

and responsibility on the part of people who flagrantly disregard game laws or who have no respect for the lives of the animals they hunt.

Within the past ten years the State has maintained checking stations in order to gather information about the condition and age of the animals killed. It has been common knowledge that many hunters have avoided these stations, some of them because their kill were fawns about which they were obviously not proud.

Dr. Eric H. Hansen, president of our Society believes that this action will help to improve the attitude of people, not only toward the law but toward a new and urgently needed regard for the animals they pursue.

Representative Morton has also introduced a bill to establish a study commission regarding problems of the deer in Massachusetts. If established, this commission, made up of twelve members, will pay particular regard to the long range problems resulting from a decreasing habitat in the State, socio-economic problems and, especially, the humane problems involved in such long range management. It is felt that such a study is urgently needed in order that the future welfare of the Commonwealth's deer herd be adequately provided for.

It is, therefore, urgent that you find out who your representative and senator to the General Court are and express your opinion concerning these bills. The earlier you do it, the better.

The fawn bill is H909; the study commission bill is H2090.

Congratulations

ON January 8, of this year, a man, known throughout the nation as a leader in the humane movement, arrived at a singular milestone in his distinguished career.

That person is William T. Phillips, Operative Manager of the Pennsylvania Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals as well as Director of The American Humane Association.

And the milestone? On that day he completed fifty years of service to his Society. A never-to-be-forgotten celebration in the form of a testimonial dinner was given Mr. Phillips at that time and we take this opportunity to extend to him the heartfelt congratulations of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the American Humane Education Society, of which organization Mr. Phillips is an Honorary Vice-President.

It is our sincere wish that the humane movement will continue to benefit from his many years of experience for a long time to come.

Thank You

TO all those who so generously responded to our appeal for much needed funds to be sent to Fez, Morocco, for the work of the American Fondouk, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks.

We can think of no more worthy charity. We can think of nowhere where contributions go further for the betterment of animal conditions and for the suppression of cruelty.

The need for contributions is continuous. Funds must be sent to Fez each month for the upkeep of the clinic and the investigation of cruelty.

SPECIAL NOTICE !

The revolutionary development of a humane cattle stunning instrument by Remington Arms Co., Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. is progressing rapidly.

It is our belief that even before the middle of 1956, stunning instruments will be available to the packers of America and to the rest of the free world.

"Animal Fair" Is on the Air!

Yes, **ANIMAL FAIR** is back, and once again, its genial host, John C. Macfarlane, is appearing with many of his fascinating friends of the animal world.

You'll enjoy meeting "Mr. Mac's" weekly visitors and hearing the animal stories and factual information he has to impart.

The FAIR is held over Channel 4, WBZ-TV, the time is 12:15-12:30 P. M. every Sunday.

Heigh-ho! Come to the FAIR!

Popular Roadrunner

By Laura Arlon

THE invention of the automobile has brought pleasure and convenience to human beings, but to that interesting bird, called the roadrunner, it has just been the source of frustration and shame.

Years ago, when the people of the southwestern deserts had to travel, it was necessary to go on horseback. As a traveler rode over the lonely desert roads, a roadrunner would often spring out from behind a clump of chaparral or cactus and race along the road in front of the trotting horse. Wings outstretched as if to fly, but its feet never leaving the ground, the bird would race for miles, keeping just ahead of the horse. Now, when most people travel by automobile, the bird still attempts to race, but the automobile is far too fast, and the bird has to give up.

Though there used to be many of these birds, they are now becoming more rare. It is humorously said by some of the people who live in this desert country,



The roadrunner goes into action against enemy forces.

that the roadrunners are dying off through sheer shame, because they cannot beat an automobile in a race.

The roadrunner, or chaparral cock as it is sometimes called, is a bird about two feet in length, half of which is tail. It is a dingy brownish white streaked with black. Its beak is long and sharp and on top of its head it has a bristly crest.

It certainly can claim no beauty, nor is it noted for its song, as its voice sounds much like a squeaky door. However, it is very popular in the southwest, not only for its amusing habit of racing, but because of its ability to destroy rattlesnakes.

Dancing just out of reach of a coiled rattler's deadly fangs, the bird waits until the snake has struck blindly. Then, before the snake can recoil its body to strike

again, the bird moves in, its strong, sharp beak stabbing the snake over and over. By the time the snake is coiled and ready to strike again, the roadrunner has moved back out of reach. This continues until the rattlesnake is tired out and tries to escape. Then, the bird seizes the weakened reptile just behind the head, thrashes it through the air, throws it down, picks it up and waves it around again. The deadly snake is finally killed and becomes a meal for the bird, who lives on snakes, horned toads, lizards and centipedes.

The roadrunner seems to be proud of its ability to kill the dangerous rattlesnake as a dried snakeskin is often found woven into the bird's nest, advertising, perhaps, the bird's profession as a rattlesnake exterminator.

"Amos," Seeing-Eye Cat

By Helen L. Renshaw

SEEING-EYE cat? Yes, indeed!

It takes unusual intelligence and a lot of patient instruction to train a seeing-eye dog. But Amos is a cat who performs this function because of his faithful devotion—to a dog.

Amos, a seventeen-year-old Angora, has a friend, Rover. Although Rover is younger than the cat, he is blind and nearly deaf. He is also badly crippled with rheumatism and gets about with difficulty. Without his faithful cat friend to guide him, Rover would undoubtedly have met with disaster long ago.

The owner of these two unusual animals lives in Springfield, Ohio. She

doesn't know just how it all started, but one day she noticed the cat and dog were inseparable. Wherever Rover went, Amos was close beside him. This is the way Amos manages to carry out his self-appointed mission. The two walk side by side. When Amos thinks there is a reason for the terrier to stop, the cat nudges him. Sometimes Amos even puts a strong paw against the dog's side and gives a hard shove. But Rover doesn't mind this shoving around at all. He seems to know it is for the best and that he has a true friend who is anxious to help.

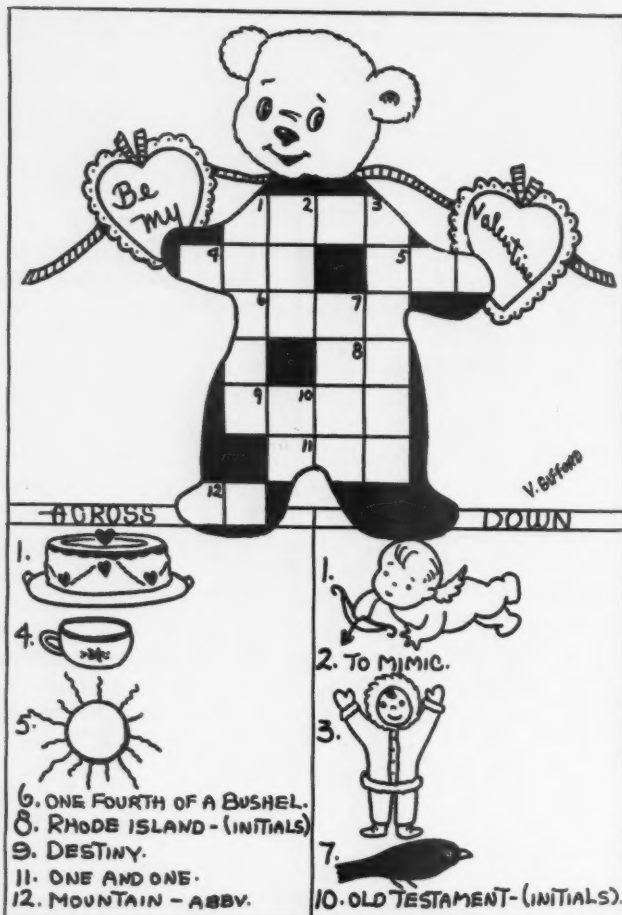
In the house, the family is careful not to change furniture around where Rover would bump into it. The dog must remember back to when he could see

clearly, for he has no trouble at home. They do not think his sense of smell aids him here, for apparently he has lost that too.

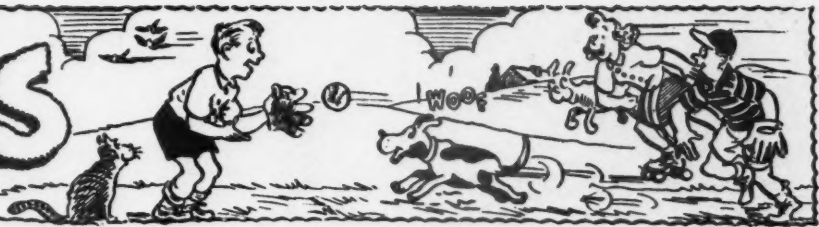
Outdoors, Rover is at a loss without his self-appointed guide. In spite of his afflictions, Rover is a friendly soul and likes to visit around. It is a strange and yet heartening sight to see these two animals stroll companionably together down the street. Amos is very patient, and after escorting the terrier to his destination will curl up and wait until the dog is ready to go home.

No cat could take better care of its own kitten. No animal could show greater trust than Rover when he accepts the loyal help of this amazing cat.

CHILDREN'S



PAGES



Toby in a basket.

Cats Are My Favorites

I love all animals but I especially love cats. When my big cat Toby was killed by a car I was heart broken. A cousin gave me one of her cats named Grady but I changed his name to Toby because I missed my other cat so much. Grady seems to love me and doesn't mind being called Toby.

Karla Jeanne Smith (10)

Make-A-Rhyme

By Marianne Ketchum

Feathers like two horns crown his head.
His back is brown. The ground is his bed.
There's black bib his throat to mark.
He is our beautiful, Horned — — — —

He's almost black with brownish head.
He wanders where the old cows tread.
That's how he got his name I've heard.
He's known to us as the — — — — —

He builds his nest where cat-tails grow
Or near a swamp in bushes low.
His note and song I've often heard.
He is our good Red-Winged — — — — —

ANSWERS: Lark, Cowbird, Blackbird

JOIN US BOYS AND GIRLS—if you have written any short stories or poems about your pets send them along to us and, if possible, we'll print them. And if you have a clear picture of your pet doing something unusual send that in too. We always like to hear from you so send your material to: Children's Editor, Our Dumb Animals, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Tuffy

By Joy Chapman (13)

I've seen and owned a lot of cats.
Some were big and some were small,
But Tuffy I will never forget,
I loved him best of all.

He used to sit upon the porch
And guard his little house.
And even if a dog came near,
He'd chase it like he'd chase a mouse.

I have a cat named Ginger now.
He's big and proud and fluffy.
My heart has learned to love him too,
But never quite like Tuffy.

Change-A-Letter

By Violet M. Roberts

By changing only one letter each time, a new word is added.
D-O-G becomes C-A-T in three moves.

1. D O G
2. — — —
3. — — —
4. C A T



1.	D	O	G
2.			
3.			
4.	C	A	T



ANSWERS: 1. dog, 2. dot, 3. cot, 4. cat.



Big Buck — Firefighter

By Mary Starr Barkley

MUCH has been written of the old fire horse of another era, and how when the fire alarm sounded, he raced out, ready to go.

Other animals react readily to the alarm too, as is the case of Buck a shepherd-collie dog, who has adopted the Blanco Street fire station in Austin, Texas, as his home. For some seven years, he has been first on the truck when the alarm sounds.

Buck's mother belonged to the chief at this station, A. F. Schriber, and when Buck came along, he just made himself the mascot of the fire station.

Just like the fire horses of old, Buck only has to hear the phone alarm ring at the station, indicating a fire alarm, and he's atop the truck before any of the firemen are in place. He stays right with them while they are playing their hose, and when the fire is finished, he's back at his base on the top of the fire truck for the ride back with the firemen. There was a time when he barked long and loudly all

the way to the fire, but now, with a two-way radio for competition, he just stands atop the truck at his station.

Every fireman in the town of around 160,000 people, is a friend of Buck's. When the Blanco truck makes a routine run to another station, Buck often rides along and stays for a visit with the firemen there, accompanying them when their alarm rings. That way, he visits each of the town's sixteen stations at intervals; and quite often, if he thinks it's time for a visit to some certain station, he just treks to wherever it is located for his seasonal stay there.

Often as Buck is in town, on his way from one station to another, he passes firemen on the street. He knows and greets them all, even when they are not in uniform.

After he has made the rounds, Buck always gets back to the Blanco station where he spends most of his time. And always he is ready for the alarm when it rings.

Gas Station Bird House

By Roy L. Warren

WE don't often see a bird who can call a gas station his own. There is a sparrow over at Delton, Michigan, who has lived almost two years in a gas station.

The station was built by Bert Parker and the sparrow didn't realize that it belonged to Mr. Parker.

In January, 1954 while Mr. Parker was putting on the doors to the new building the sparrow watched proceedings with great interest. When it began to get dark the workmen noticed the bird hopping from one side to the other of a pile of tires where he had perched. He was chirping madly as if he wanted something.

When one of the men opened the large overhead doors, the sparrow flew up to a knothole in an overhead beam and fluffed himself for the night.

When spring came the sparrow brought a lady sparrow to his home. But she would have none of the gas station and so they built a nest elsewhere and raised a family. After the family had flown away on their own, daddy sparrow came back to the Parker garage and made his home there.

The following spring Bert's sparrow brought a new lady to the home in the station. She would come as far as the beam but refused to build a nest in that knothole. They argued about it until it was almost too late. They hurriedly built a nest in an elm tree across the street from the service station.

Mrs. Sparrow laid her eggs, sat on the nest and protected her brood from all danger while Mr. Sparrow slept in his warm house in the station.

But what about next spring? Bert Parker and his friends watched the trials of Mr. Sparrow with great amusement and now they are waiting until next spring to see what may happen if Mr. Sparrow brings home a third mate.

Please remember the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in making your will. See form of bequest on next page.

Let's Start the New Year Right

WE SUGGEST learning the right way to care for that Christmas puppy, kitten or bird. In fact, any time you get a new pet (no matter what kind) is the time to write your friends in the American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass., or telephone: LOnghwood 6-6100. They'll gladly answer your questions about care and training, and furnish you with inexpensive leaflets for your ready reference.

And when we say inexpensive, we *mean* inexpensive. All of these guides to better living for you and your pet are priced from 2-10c apiece! Price lists of available leaflets will be supplied upon request.

For those of you who have owned many animals and know all the answers, it wouldn't hurt to check your ideas against recent findings of our staff of world-famous veterinarians at Angell Memorial, would it? Write A.H.E.S. today.

Twice the Protection

LOST dogs are a problem we've been trying to solve for years. First we developed the Dog Identification Kit (now on sale for 50c each) to help owners describe their pets to searchers and the Kit is a valuable safeguard—as far as it goes.

However, our newly established DOG IDENTITY BUREAU and the numbered tags we sell for 50c enlarge this protection by helping the finder to locate the owner. Easily attached to your dog's collar by an S-shaped hook, these brass tags have "Call or write the Mass. SPCA" on them, with our address, phone number and another number, permanently assigned to your dog. This is listed in the Bureau files with your name, address, and phone number, making the identification of stray dogs simple and sure. If your dog should lose his tag, we'll furnish a duplicate for only 25c.

Order your Dog Identity Tag today—and your Identification Kit, too, if you don't have one. Send just *fifty cents* (check or money order) for each Kit or Tag you want to the Dog Identity Bureau, Massachusetts SPCA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

P. S. Be sure to notify the Bureau if: (1) you change your address, (2) your dog changes owners or dies, or (3) you wish to put the tag on a different dog.

Don't Miss Out

By January 31, our brand new 1955 Bound Volume of OUR DUMB ANIMALS will be ready for mailing. The price of this handsome volume, bound in maroon imitation leather and stamped with gold, is a low, low \$2.25.

Please send check or money order to OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out by March last year!

Since 1832
J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.
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We still have a few 1956 Animal Calendars left. Remember, not only the cover, but also each one of the 12 additional animal pictures are in FULL COLOR.

Price? \$1.00 for each box of ten calendars, with envelopes. Sorry, but since the calendars are already boxed, we can only sell them in lots of ten.

Rush us your order today, with check or money order, for these small (4 3/4" x 6 1/4") greeting card calendars at only \$1.00 per box, postpaid.

THIS SPACE CONTRIBUTED

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. OR THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY			
Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	2.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

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YES, in a sense we want to buy friends, but not in the meaning usually credited to this phrase.

What we are looking for are *new* friends, *new* readers of our magazine, *new* animal lovers who will enjoy reading *Our Dumb Animals* and perhaps learn to appreciate animals more than ever.

Have We Met Before?

IF NOT—If you are a new friend who has no subscription to *Our Dumb Animals*, this is your chance to subscribe for a whole year (12 issues) at 1/3 off our regular price of \$1.50. Yes, we now offer *new* subscriptions for only one dollar!

IF SO—If you are what we like to call an old friend, we offer you this opportunity to save money and yet send this magazine where you think it is needed and wanted. You may order any number of *new* subscriptions at just one dollar apiece! However, this offer does not apply to renewals of subscriptions already being received.

This offer will be good from February through August. *Act now!* Fill in the blank below and send it to us with your check or money order for the number of subscriptions you desire.

Special Subscription Offer For New Friends

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send a year's subscription (or subscriptions) to OUR DUMB ANIMALS to the following:

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(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

YOUR NAME

STREET

CITY

